Dar'ſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chaſing the Royall blood
With fury, from his native reſidence?
Now by my Seates right Royall Maieſty,
Wert thou not brother to great *Edwards* ſonne,
This tongue that runnes ſo roundly in thy head,
Should runne thy head from thy unreverent ſhoulders.
Gau. Oh ſpare me not, my brother *Edwards* ſonne,
For that I was his father *Edwards* ſonne:
That blood already (like the Pellican)
Thou haſt tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd.
My brother *Gloceſter*, plaine well meaning ſoule,
(Whom faire befall in heaven 'mongſt happy ſoules!)
May be a preſident, and witneſſe good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling *Edwards* blood:
Ioyne with the preſent ſickeneſſe that I haue,
And thy unkindneſſe be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flowre.
Live in thy ſhame, but dye not ſhame with thee,
Theſe words hereafter, thy tormentors be.
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave.
Love they to live, that love and honour have. *Exit.*
Rich. And let them dye, that age and ſullens have,
For both haſt thou, and both become the grave.
Yor. I doe beſeech your Maieſty impute his words
To wayward ſicklineſſe, and age in him:
He loues you on my life, and holds you deare
As *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, were he here.
Rich. Right, you ſay true: as *Herefords* love, ſo his;
As theirs, ſo mine: and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Nor. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your Maieſty.
Rich. What ſayes he?
Nor. Nay nothing, all is ſayd:
His tongue is now a ſtringleſſe inſtrument.
Words, life, and all, old *Lancaſter* hath ſpent.

Yor.

Yor. Be Yorke the next, that
Though death be poore, it en
Rich. The ripeſt fruit firſt fals
His time is ſpent, our pilgrima
So much for that. Now for ou
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough
Which live like venom, where
But onely they have privelledg
And for theſe great affaires do
Towards our aſſiſtance, we
The plate, coyne, and revenne
Whereof our Vncle *Gaunt* di
Yor. How long ſhall I be pa
Shall tender duty make me fu
Not *Gloſters* death, nor *Here*
Nor *Gaunts* rebukes, nor Engl
Nor the prevention of poore
About his marriage, nor my o
Have ever made me ſowre my
Or bend one wrinkle on my ſo
I am the laſt of noble *Edward*
Of whom thy father Prince of
In warres was never Lyon rag
In peace, was never gentle La
Then was that young and Pri
His face thou haſt, for even ſo
Accompliſh'd with the numbe
But when he frown'd, it was
And not againſt his friends:
Did win what he did ſpend:
Which his triumphant fathe
His hands were guilty of no
But bloody with the enemie
Oh *Richard*, *Yorke* is too farr
Or elſe he never would comp
Rich. Why Vncle,
What's the matter?
Yor. Oh my Liege, pardon

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